

SM
★
10



STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

MILITARY

OCTOBER
No. 12

COMICS

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Who's winning from this picture?
Follow from dot to dot with a
pencil! Leap at each "X" and start
again at the next numbered dot.



Give yourself
a "Break"!

Get a Morrow, today!

BUILT by Bendix, the world's foremost maker of automobile and airplane brakes... famous for 40 years... the good Morrow Coaster Brake is the safest, surest brake your bike could have! More ball bearings (31 in all) than any other coaster brake. That means long, smooth coasting and easy pedaling. Big bronze brake shoes, multi-grooved for positive stops and long wear. Insist on a Morrow Brake on your new bike—you can get it on any standard make.

**MORROW
COASTER BRAKE**



ECLIPSE
MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

**BUY IT NOW FROM
YOUR REGULAR
NEWSDEALER**

STARRING

The **DOLL MAN**
**LEADING CHARACTER
IN COMICS**

also including

MICKEY FINN

LALA PALOOZA

POISON IVY

SAMAR

BIG TOP

FARGO KID

SPIN SHAW

ZERO

RUSTY RYAN

SWING SISSON

and many others



LOOK FOR THIS
SIGN ON THE COVER



MILITARY COMICS, October, 1942, No. 12. Published monthly by Comic Magazines, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive and Editorial Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager, W. E. Elser, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.20 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Foreign \$2.00. Entered as second-class matter April 28, 1941, at the Post Office at Buffalo, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Western Representative, F. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Copyright 1942 by Comic Magazines, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

ARMY

STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND
Section 1.

Blackhawk



DON'T BE AFRAID,
READERS...COME
CLOSER...CLOSER...

THAT'S BETTER!!...NOW LISTEN CLOSELY!!
SOMEWHERE IN THE WORLD TODAY
THERE EXISTS A LEATHER BRIEFCASE,
THE CONTENTS OF WHICH ARE SO
PRICELESS THAT THE ENTIRE PRE-
DETERMINED PLAN OF HUMAN
EXISTENCE WILL BE DISRUPTED
UPON THEIR DISCLOSURE...THE
OUTCOME OF THE PRESENT WAR
DEPENDS UPON THAT BRIEFCASE!!
IN FACT...THE 2 BILLION
YEARS OF EVOLUTION ARE
BUT A CHAPTER IN THE
GIGANTIC PLAN!!

EVEN NOW THE
BRIEFCASE IS IN THE
POSSESSION OF ONE
HAMMIL ZORREK!!
WATCH CLOSELY AS
HE DARTS FROM A
DARKENED BUILDING
WHERE ONLY SECONDS
BEFORE...MURDER
WAS DONE!!

SEE HOW HE CLUTCHES
THE BRIEFCASE!! IN HIS
MIND BUT ONE THOUGHT
....ESCAPE!! BUT
WATCH CLOSELY...THAT
BRIEFCASE WAS NOT
INTENDED FOR HIM! HE
WILL BE STOPPED!! FOR
A TALL, DARK MAN NOT
MENTIONED AS YET, WILL
BE THE POSSESSOR.
OR... FOR A SHORT
WHILE!!

AAAAH! THERE YOU HAVE
IT!! A NICE CLEAN JOB!
VERY WORKMANLIKE...
AH, ME... WHAT FOOLS
THESE MORTALS BE!!

HE IS NOT THE FIRST NOR
YET THE LAST WHO WILL
DIE FOR THE POSSESSION
OF THAT FATEFUL MANU-
SCRIPT!! YOU DOUBT ME,
EH? WELL, YOU SEE
THAT CORNER... UP IN
FRONT OF HIM, THERE...
THE ONE WITH THE STREET
LAMP?... HIS LIFE ENDS
THERE!!

HE'S REACHED THE
CORNER...HIS CLOCK IS
RUNNING DOWN...TSK
TSK... HE IS RESISTING
THE INEVITABLE!!

MY, BUT HE'S STUBBORN
...COME, MAN... DON'T
BE SO OBSTINATE!!
AH... THAT DID IT!!

...AND NOW ANOTHER
MAN HAS THE PRECIOUS
DOCUMENT...YOU KNOW
HIM...HE'S THE TALL,
DARK MAN I TOLD YOU
ABOUT!! WE'LL MEET
HIM AGAIN IN MAJOR
BRANDON'S OFFICE...
YOU WON'T SEE
ME, BUT I'LL BE

THE WAR DEPARTMENT ---
WASHINGTON, D.C. --- MAJOR
BRANDON'S OFFICE ---

XANUKHARA!!!
DOESNT ANYONE KNOW
WHAT IT MEANS?

THE DICTIONARY DOESNT
LIST IT! WHO'S WHO
NEVER HEARD OF IT!
THE CODE EXPERTS CANT
FATHOM IT, BUT DEATH
ALWAYS ACCOMPANIES
IT! WHAT THE
HELL IS IT?

TSK,TSK!! I'VE FOLLOWED
IT HALFWAY AROUND THE
WORLD!! I WAS HOPING
YOU'D KNOW!!

WHO'S
THERE? WHAT
DO YOU WANT?

COME, COME MAJOR... SURELY
YOU HAVENT FOR-
GOTTEN **BLACK-
HAWK!** ER... WOULD
YOU BE INTERESTED
IN THIS?

THE
BROWN
LEATHER
BRIEF-
CASE!! QUICK,
MAN, GIVE IT
TO ME!!

SO!

I WONDER
WHAT'S IN THIS...
ORDERLY...
HALT!!

HA HA HA HA

SECONDS LATER ---

THAT'S FUNNY!! HE'S
GONE!! HE COULDN'T
HAVE CRAWLED AWAY!!
THAT'S A TEN STORY
DROP!! YOU GO THAT
WAY, MAJOR... I'LL
TAKE THIS...

HEY,
MAJOR!!

DID YOU
FIND HIM,
BLACK-
HAWK?

YES... BUT THE
BRIEFCASE IS
GONE... AND
LOOK!!

XANUKHARA



HOURS LATER, HIGH IN THE
SNOWCAPPED ROCKIES,
BLACKHAWK BASES HIS
PLANE ONTO A HIDDEN
FIELD....



HI, BOYS!!
ALL SET?

SOON AS
WE GAS UP
YOUR
PLANE!!
WHERE ARE
WE HEADED?



QUAKE-
ISLAND!!
HAWKAAA!!



NEXT MORNING...QUAKE
ISLAND IN MID-PACIFIC!!

HERE WE ARE! I
WONDER WHY WE
HAVEN'T BEEN
CHALLENGED?



SAY, BUD...
HOW COME
EVERYTHING
IS SO QUIET,
HUH?



I SAID
HOW
COME
EVERY...

HEY! THIS
FELLOW'S
DEAD!!



HEY, SARGE!! YOU
GOT A DEAD SEN...
HEY! THIS GUY'S
DEAD TOO!!



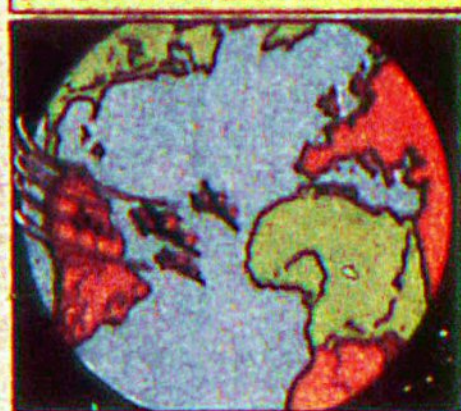
AFTER A THOROUGH
SEARCH OF THE ISLAND...

THIS BEATS ALL!! EVERY-
MAN IS AT HIS POST...
DEAD!! I CAN'T... SAY!!
THERE'S LIPSTICK ON
THIS CIGARETTE
BUTT!!





AND SO THE SEARCH GOES ON... LONDON... AMSTERDAM... WASHINGTON... GUAKE ISLAND... AND NOW TOKYO! THREE QUARTERS OF THE WAY AROUND THE WORLD... AND LIKE A WILL-O'-THE-WISP... DANCING BEFORE THEM GOES XANUKHARA



MEANTIME IN DOMYALAI, BORNEO...

WE'VE GOT IT, KORZ!! THE BROWN
LEATHER BRIEFCASE IS OURS!!
WITH THIS IN OUR POSSESSION
WE CAN RULE THE
WORLD!



PIPE DREAM, MY FRIENDS!!
OTHERS BEFORE YOU
HAVE TRIED... BUT THERE
IS ALWAYS **XANUKHARA!!**



AND BACK IN TOKYO---



BUT THE JAPS HAVE OTHER IDEAS... BY MEANS OF A YOUNG PALM, BOTTLES OF GASOLINE ARE CATA-PULTED ONTO THE ROOF!!

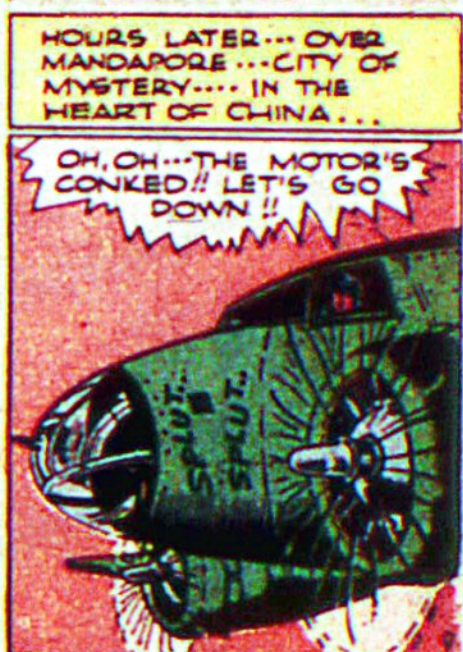
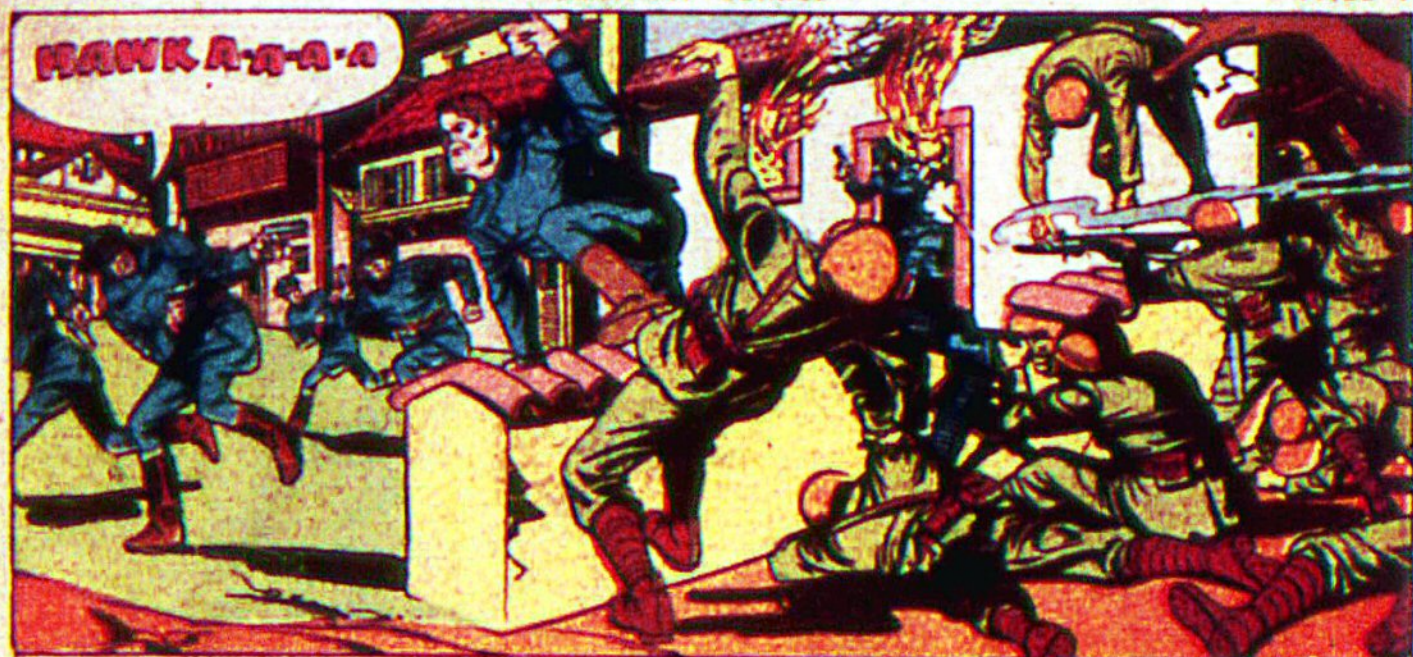
THEN BLAZING TORCHES FOLLOW--

... AND SOON THE ENTIRE BUILDING IS A RAGING INFERNO----



AND INSIDE---









THE SNIPER



I AM THE **SNIPER**! MY ENEMIES CALL ME A KILLER, BUT KILLING IS MY WORK! WITH MY GUN I HAVE... SHALL WE SAY... "ELIMINATED" MANY NAZIS IN MY WAR ON THE AXIS... BUT NOW I TELL OF A STRANGE TALE, ONE SO FANTASTIC THAT AT FIRST YOU MAY DOUBT ITS TRUTH... IT BEGAN WHEN I...

...TRAPPED MY LATEST PREY IN AN OLD ABANDONED WINDMILL.... A SECRET HAVEN OF THE UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT OF FRANCE...

THIS IS THE END OF YOUR TRAIL COUNT GRUBBER! HMM... AND YOU BOASTED YOU WOULD LIVE TO SEE NAZISM CHAIN THE WORLD!

GET BACK SNIPER! YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO KILL ME!

NO... YOU CAN'T KILL ME! NO, NOT WITHOUT A... A FAIR TRIAL!!

I GIVE YOU A TRIAL! THESE PEOPLE WILL BE YOUR JURY!

NO!. THEY MUSTN'T BE MY JURY! THEY MUSTN'T! THEY HATE ME!

STOP COWERING! THEY'LL GIVE YOU A FAIR TRIAL!

YOU, PROFESSOR MARTIER WILL BE THE FOREMAN OF THE JURY, AS YOU, NO DOUBT KNOW THE PRISONER'S BEST!

MEMBERS OF THE JURY! THE PEOPLE DEMAND COUNT GRUBBER'S LIFE FOR MURDER!

LET ME GO BACK SIX HOURS AND REINACT THE CRIME TO REFRESH YOUR MEMORIES!

"I WENT BACK SIX HOURS WHEN MARTIER WAS IN THE GESTAPO TORTURE PRISON. HIS WEARY BODY LAY ON THE FLOOR AS HE DESPERATELY CLUNG TO SANITY..."



I MUSTN'T TELL THEM! YES, YES... THEY'LL NEVER KNOW OUR SECRET MEETING PLACE!

SUDDENLY THE CELL DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN AND...



GET IN THERE YOU DEMOCRATIC SWINE!

VIVA LA FRANCE! DEATH TO HITLER!

YOU'RE BRAVE, FRIEND, BUT WE WHO FIGHT FOR FREEDOM MUST PAY A GREAT PRICE!



THOSE BUTCHERS WILL PAY A STILL GREATER ONE! THEY WON'T KEEP ME IN THIS CESSPOOL!



CALM YOURSELF, STRANGER. YOU'LL SOON BE USED TO THIS PLACE...IT WILL BE HOME COMPARED TO THE TORTURE ROOMS!

THEY WON'T KEEP ME HERE LONG...LOOK! I HAVE A KNIFE!!



WHEN THEY COME TO FEED US, I'LL KILL THE GUARD AND WE'LL BREAK FOR FREEDOM!

BUT WHAT IF WE FAIL?



FAIL? AT LEAST WE'LL DIE! DIE BEFORE THEY TORTURE OUR SECRETS FROM OUR LIPS!

YOURS IS THE RIGHT WAY...I'M WITH YOU!

MARTIER LAY THERE WAITING, HIS HEART THROBBED AS HIS SECRET RACED A THOUSAND TIMES THROUGH HIS MIND... 'I'M GOING TO BREAK FOR FREEDOM. FOR FREEDOM... THEN SUDDENLY...



LISTEN! SOMEONE'S COMING!



UP, DOGS! HERE'S YOUR BREAD!

LAUGH, YOU CLOWN! SOON YOU'LL BE...



...BE DEAD!!

STOP AAIIEE!!

GRAB HIS GUN!



THEY SMASHED THEIR WAY THROUGH THE COR-
DONS OF NAZI GUARDS.



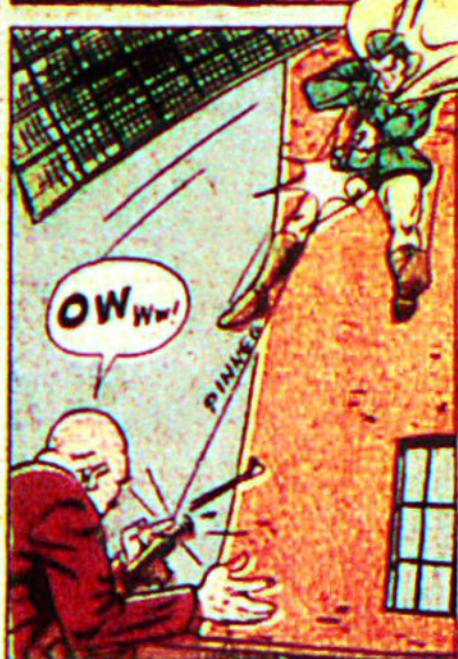
AND SOON THEY WERE FLEEING INTO
THE FORESTS TOWARDS THEIR LAST
MILE ON THEIR ROAD TO FREEDOM...



I WAS HUNTING IN THE FOREST
WHEN THE CRACKING OF RIFLES
CAUGHT MY EAR....





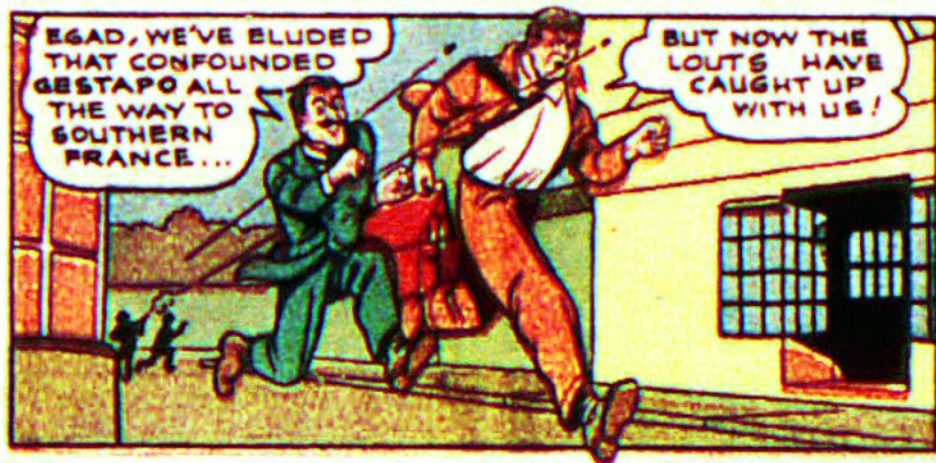


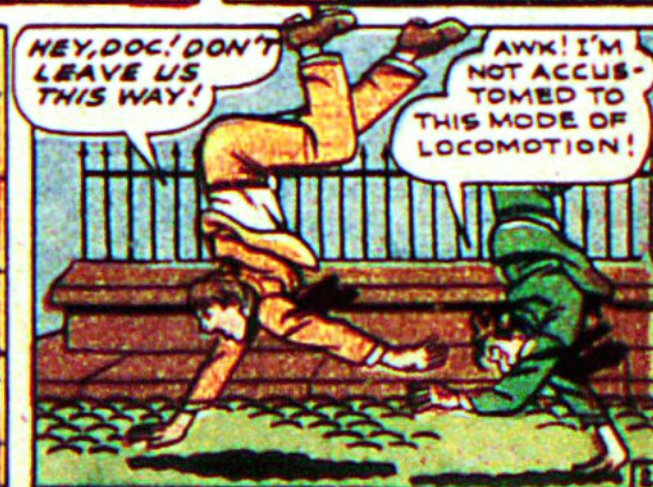


By
NORDLING

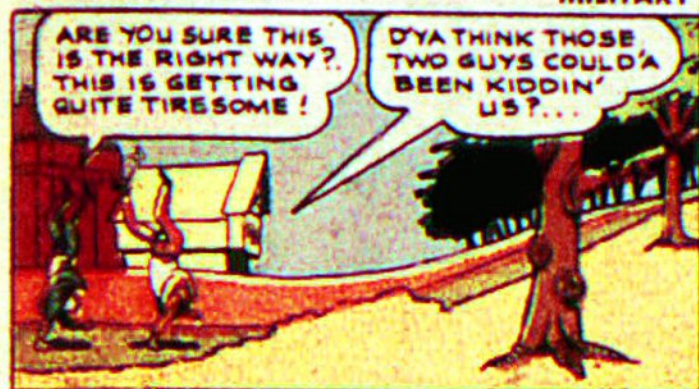
SHOT SHOT

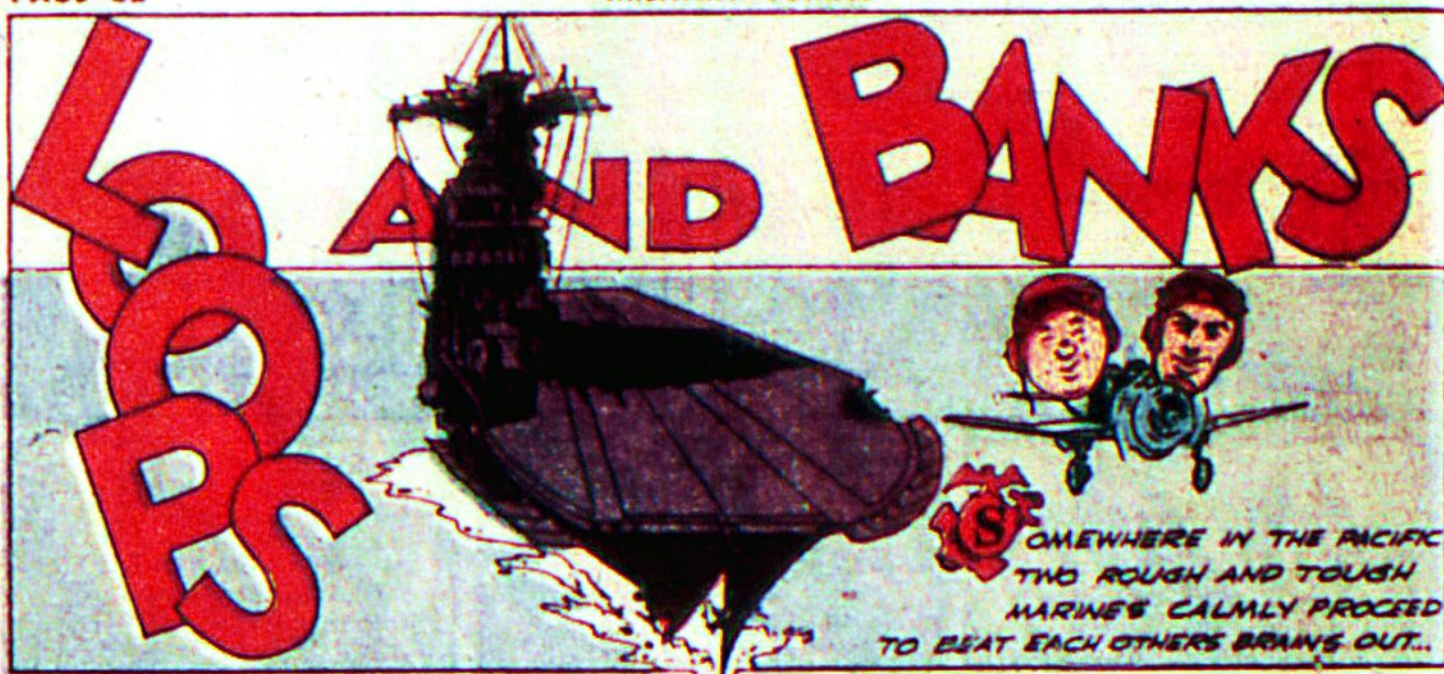
IT IS IN THE USUAL SORRY PREDICAMENT THAT WE PICK UP THE UNFORTUNATE HISTORY OF COL. GAM SHOT AND SLIM SNELL... IF YOU ARE OF A SYMPATHETIC NATURE, PLEASE CONTINUE...















TWO HOURS LATER...





THANK YOU, MY
DEAR!!.. NOW I
CAN RESCUE THAT
OVERSTUFFED PAL
OF MINE...



G.S. STAND STILL..O..OR..
OH!!.. IT'S YOU, FLAT
HEAD!

QUIT POINTING
THAT THING AT ME.
YA BIG LUG!!..



AN' WHO YA CALLIN' FLAT-
HEAD??!! I OUGHTA PIN
YOUR EARS
BACK!!
AW GO SOAK
YOUR HEAD!!..
COME ON, FLAT-HEAD.
WE GOTTA GET TO
THE AIRPORT!



WELL, WE GOT TO
THE AIRPORT AND
INTO A HANGAR...



THERE WAS A SENTRY
THERE, BUT WE TOOK
CARE OF HIM...



QUICK! GET IN.. WE'LL
HAVE TO TAKE OFF RIGHT
OUT OF THE HANGAR!!




GIVE 'ER THE GUN, FATSO!!..
WE'RE... UH!! LOOK OUT!!
THOSE TREES!!




OF ALL THE DOPEY PLACES
TO HAVE TREES!!
HEY!! LOOK
OUT!!



X OF THE UNDERGROUND



TOVARICH! YOU DO NOT KNOW ME, MY FRIENDS? BUT OF COURSE... I AM **SONYA**, DAUGHTER OF ROOSIA! AH... DAUGHTER... THAT IS BAD! WHEN I WAS LITTLE GIRL, MY PAPA WANT ME TO BE BOY.. MAMA, SHE WANT BOY TOO.. SO.. I TRY PLEASE EVERYBODY! I EAT LIKE COSSACK SOLDIER, I ACT LIKE COSSACK SOLDIER.. NOW, I LOOK LIKE BIG, STRONG COSSACK SOLDIER!! YOU SEE WHO SITS ABOFF ME? DOT IS **X** OF THE UNDERGROUND!! FOR HER, I WORK LIKE HORSE... I DIE EVEN! BUT NOT ALONE.. FOR WHERE DERE IS **DIRTY NAZI** CONQUEROR, YOU FIND **WOMEN...** HUNDREDS OF THEM.. WHO FIGHT WITH **X** AGAINST THE INVADERS.. AND SOME DAY.. SOON.. WE WILL BURY THEM.. **FOREVER!**



AH... YOU NAZI CONQUERORS, ENSLAVERS OF FREE PEOPLE, WHAT A WONDERFUL LIFE YOU LEAD! BEAUTIFUL WOMEN PLEAD FOR YOUR ATTENTIONS.. YOU FEAST ON THE HARD-EARNED BREAD OF YOUR STARVING VICTIMS!

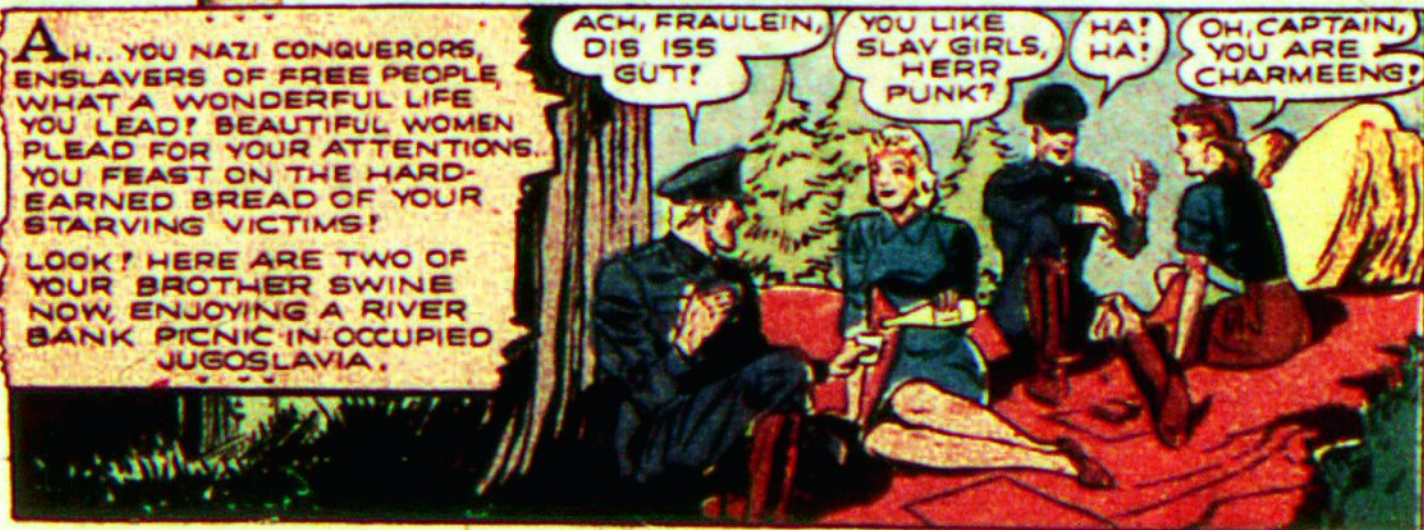
LOOK! HERE ARE TWO OF YOUR BROTHER SWINE NOW, ENJOYING A RIVER BANK PICNIC IN OCCUPIED JUGOSLAVIA.

ACH, FRAULEIN, DIS ISS GUT!

YOU LIKE SLAV GIRLS, HERR PUNK?

HA! HA!

OH, CAPTAIN, YOU ARE CHARMEENS!





IN AN ABANDONED FARMHOUSE, HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNDERGROUND.

YOU'VE DONE A GOOD JOB, BUT TONIGHT.. TONIGHT WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING BIG.. **BIG!** DO YOU HEAR? AND WE MUST NOT **FAIL!**

TELL US, X.. TELL US!



LISTEN CAREFULLY! TONIGHT, A CERTAIN NAZI GENERAL PLANS TO MEET A GESTAPO AGENT AT A COSTUME BALL. THEY MUST NOT MEET! IF THEY DO, THE ALLIES WILL SUFFER GREAT LOSSES!



SONYA AND I WILL APPEAR AT THE BALL IN COSTUME.. YOU, MARIE, WILL DRESS AS A BOY AND DRIVE THE GENERAL'S CAR.. THE REST OF YOU STAND BY.. LET US SHOW THE SWAGGERING DOGS THEY HAVE TO RECKON WITH THE **UNDERGROUND!**

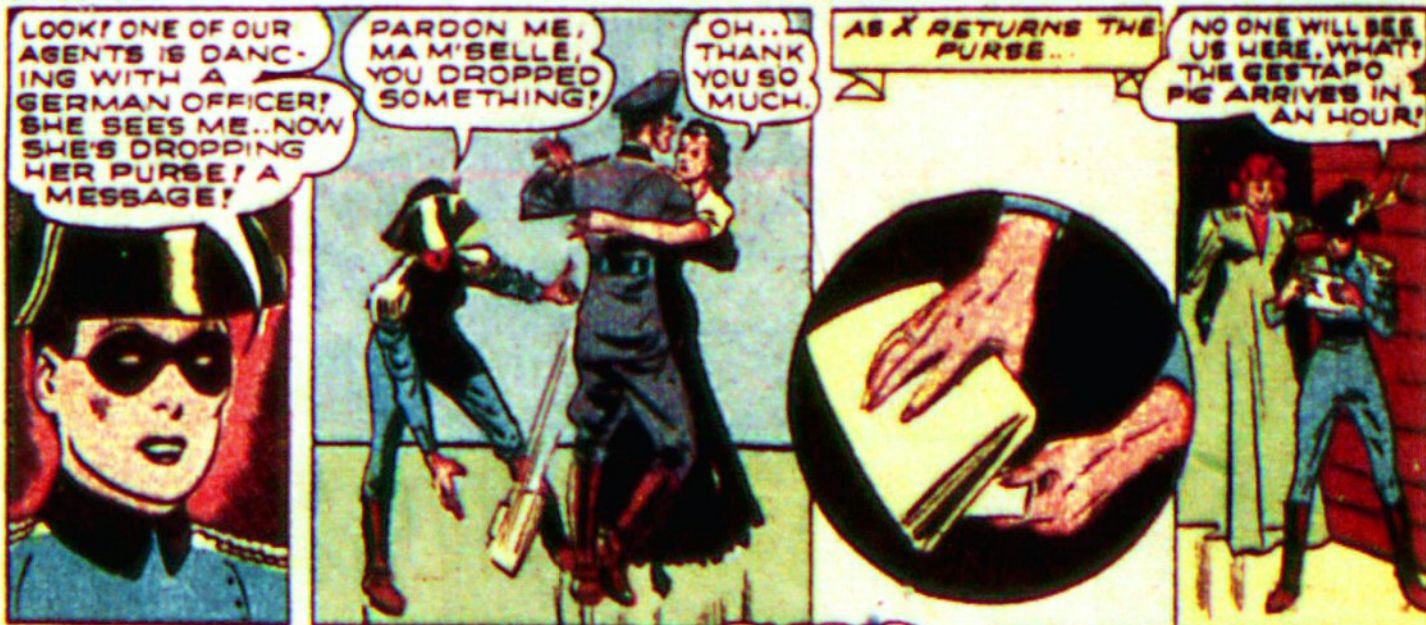
THAT NIGHT..



HERE WE ARE, SONYA! NOW REMEMBER, WHEN YOU MEET THE GENERAL, TRY TO ACT LIKE A LADY!

I TRY TO, BUT IT IS VEREE HARD!







WELL, MY BEAUTIFUL NAPOLEON, HERE'S ONE REPORTER YOU CAN'T SHAKE! C'MON, HOW ABOUT A REAL GREETING!

JIMMY! LET ME GO! LET.. MMM..

MEANWHILE, SONYA HAS LURED THE GENERAL INTO HIS CAR, AND...

I THOUGHT I'D NEVER GET RID OF THAT FOOL! THERE'S THE CAR NOW. THAT MUST BE MARIE AT THE WHEEL.. SOON THOSE NAZI DOGS WILL BE SEARCHING FOR THEIR PRECIOUS GENERAL!

NOW, MARIE, DRIVE FAST!

YOU ARE VERY CLEVER, FRAULEIN X, BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH! IN CASE YOU HAV NOT NOTICED YOU ARE SURROUNDED BY CARS FULL OF GESTAPO AGENTS, WHO VILL SERVE AS YOUR FIRING SQVAD!



A GESTAPO AGENT! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO MARIE.. I MUST ACT QUICKLY!

WE ARE NOT DEFEATED YET, GERMAN DOG!



TAKE THE WHEEL, SONYA.. AT THE NEXT BEND ONE OF OUR AGENTS IS WAITING.. WE WILL SHOW THESE STUPID COWARDS HOW THE UNDERGROUND WORKS!



OLGA, THE GESTAPO IS FOLLOWING US! QUICK, TAKE THE SHORT CUT TO THE HIDDEN MINE. BLOW UP THE HIGHWAY WHEN WE HAVE PASSED!

AT ONCE, X!



GET BACK INTO THE HOUSE, GERTA.. I WILL BE HOME SOON..

OH!!!



OLGA!

MY SISTER! TH- THE NAZIS KILLED HER! I WILL SHOW THE DEVILS THAT WE NEVER GIVE UP!



I MUST BE QUICK! THE MINE IS NOT FAR!



X'S CAR HAS PASSED THE DANGER ZONE.. AND HERE COME THE NAZI PIGS!



HEARTLESS BEASTS! PAY FOR MY SISTER'S LIFE!



AND SO, ANOTHER LINK IS ADDED TO THE VAST CHAIN OF THE UNDERGROUND.

YOU HAVE PROVED YOURSELF BRAVE BEYOND YOUR YEARS, LITTLE GERTA.. FROM THIS MOMENT, YOU WILL HELP US TO DESTROY THE CONQUERING SWINE!



Follow X Of The Underground in each issue of MILITARY COMICS.

NAVY

STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION AT SEA
Section 2.

THIS IS THE
PHANTOM CLIPPER,
THE FASTEST MAN-
O-WAR THAT SAILS
THE SEAS, WHOSE
SPEED AND DES-
TRUCTIVE ABILITY
MYSTIFIES HER
ENEMIES.

PHANTOM CLIPPER



TIGER SHARK



JEWALDRI

AS THE PHANTOM CLIPPER SAILS THROUGH THE PACIFIC
OFF NEW GUINEA, MALICIOUS EYES FOLLOW HER COURSE...

HONORABLE SIR,
LOOK! AN OLD
SAILING VESSEL!

HA, IT MUST BE
A FISHING BOAT.
THE AUSTRALIANS
HAVE DRAFTED
INTO SERVICE.

HMM—AND
WE TOO WILL
PUT IT TO USE.
ORDER THE
GUNNERS TO
USE HER FOR
TARGET
PRACTISE!



TARNATION! WHAT'S
BLOWIN' OFF HERE?

LOOK, CAPN
PERKINS— A
JAP CRUISER!



AS THE SHELLING FROM THE JAP CRUISER NEARS
THE CLIPPER, A STRANGE SIGHT UNFOLDS ABOARD HER.

CLEAR
FOR ACTION!
GIVE IT TO
'EM, MEN!



THE INFIDELS
CARRY A
DEADLY
GUN.

WE BETTER
AVOID COMBAT!



THE JAP SHIP ATTEMPTS TO FLEE —
BUT TO NO AVAIL



BLAST YE
SNEAKIN'
DEVILS! YE
GOT WHAT YE
DESERVED!
A WATERY
GRAVE!



MEANWHILE IN TOKYO
THE MIKADO LISTENS
TO WAR REPORTS . . .

HOLY SUN NEWS
AGENCY REPORTS
YANKS LANDING IN
AUSTRALIA—

WHAT!
MORE YANKS
IN THE EAST?



IMPERIAL NEWS
AGENCY REPORTS
RUSSIANS REINFOR-
CING IN SIBERIA—

W-WHY THAT
INDICATES AN
ALLIED ATTACK
—WHAT ARE
WE TO DO?



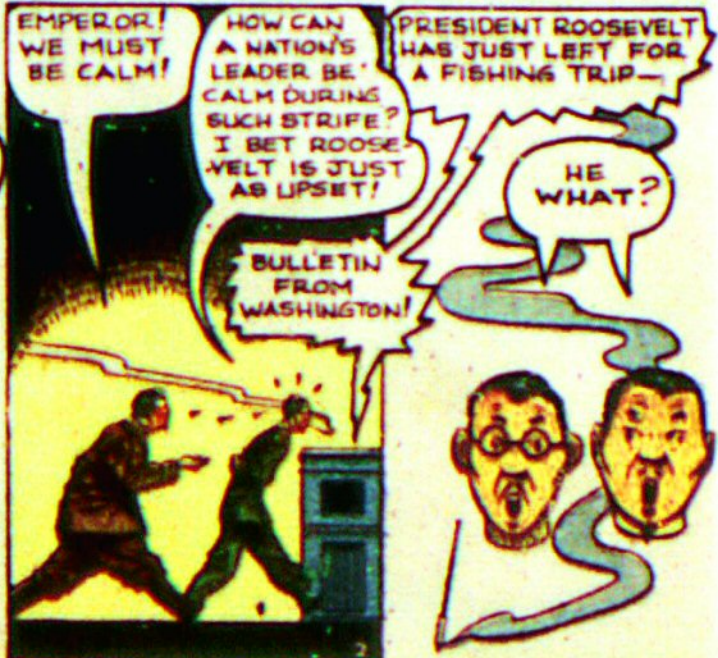
EMPEROR!
WE MUST
BE CALM!

HOW CAN
A NATION'S
LEADER BE
CALM DURING
SUCH STRIFE?
I BET ROOSE-
VELT IS JUST
AS UPSET!

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT
HAS JUST LEFT FOR
A FISHING TRIP—

HE
WHAT?

BULLETIN
FROM
WASHINGTON!





MEANWHILE! SOMEWHERE OFF JAPAN ON THE PHANTOM CLIPPER...



THE PHANTOM CLIPPER NEARS THE BUNGO STRAITS





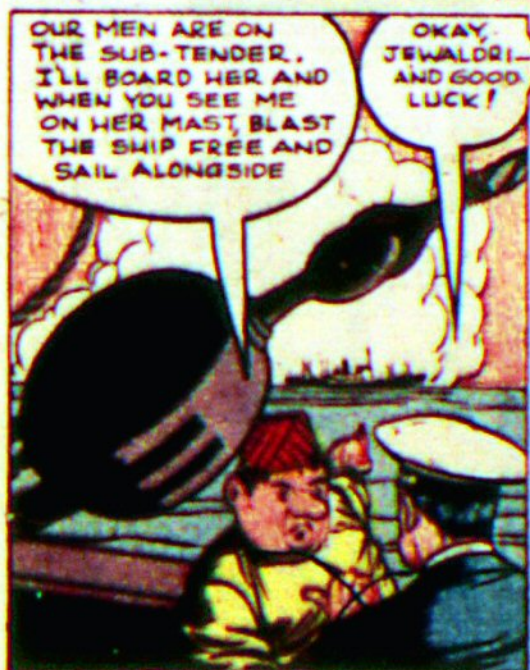
OUTNUMBERED AND OUTGUNNED, THE TIGER'S
MEN FIGHT ON BRAVELY UNTIL.....

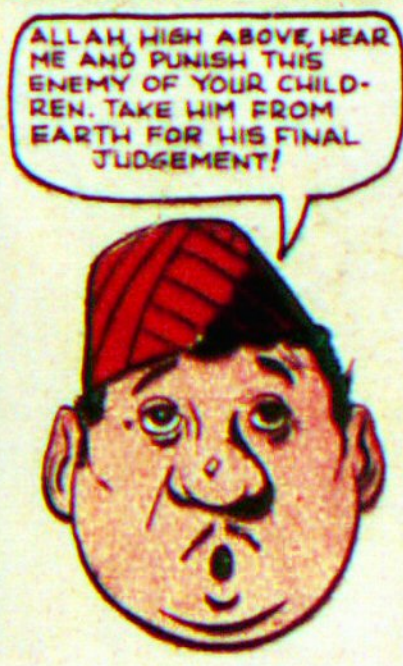


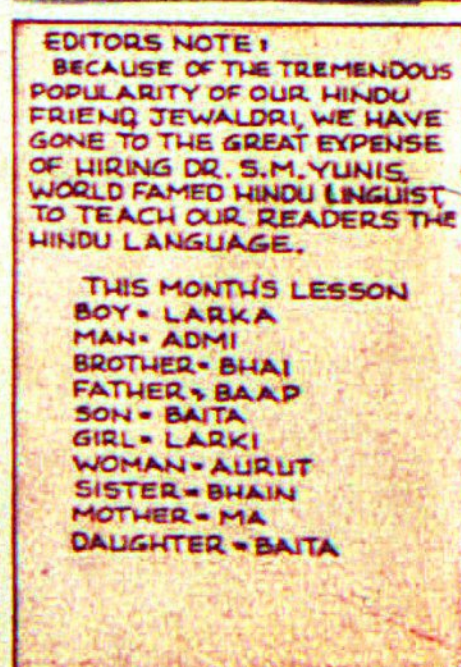
SUDDENLY THE PHANTOM CLIPPER IS
FORCED TO RUN AROUND.















Death Patrol!

DEATH PATROL!

DEATH PATROL!

DEATH PATROL!

DOT'S ALL I EVER HEAR...
DOT'S ALL I EVER SEE...
ALWAYS DEY INTERFERE
MIT MY PLANS FOR
WORLD CONQUEST,
BUT AT LAST I
VILL GET RID OF DEM...

EVEN NOW MY AGENTS
ARE IN DER HEADQUARTERS
PLOTING DER
DESTRUCTION!



DERE DEY ARE...
THE DEATH PATROL!
VE MUST NOT FAIL!

GOOT VE
DO IT NOW!
ALSO VE PRE-
VENT DEM
FROM STOP-
PING DER
SUB FROM
SINKING DOT
BOAT!



SORRY, I CAN'T STOP
TO CHAT NOW, I GOTTA
SAVE THOSE KIDS
BUT I'LL BE BACK
AND FINISH THIS
CHARMING
CONVERSATION!

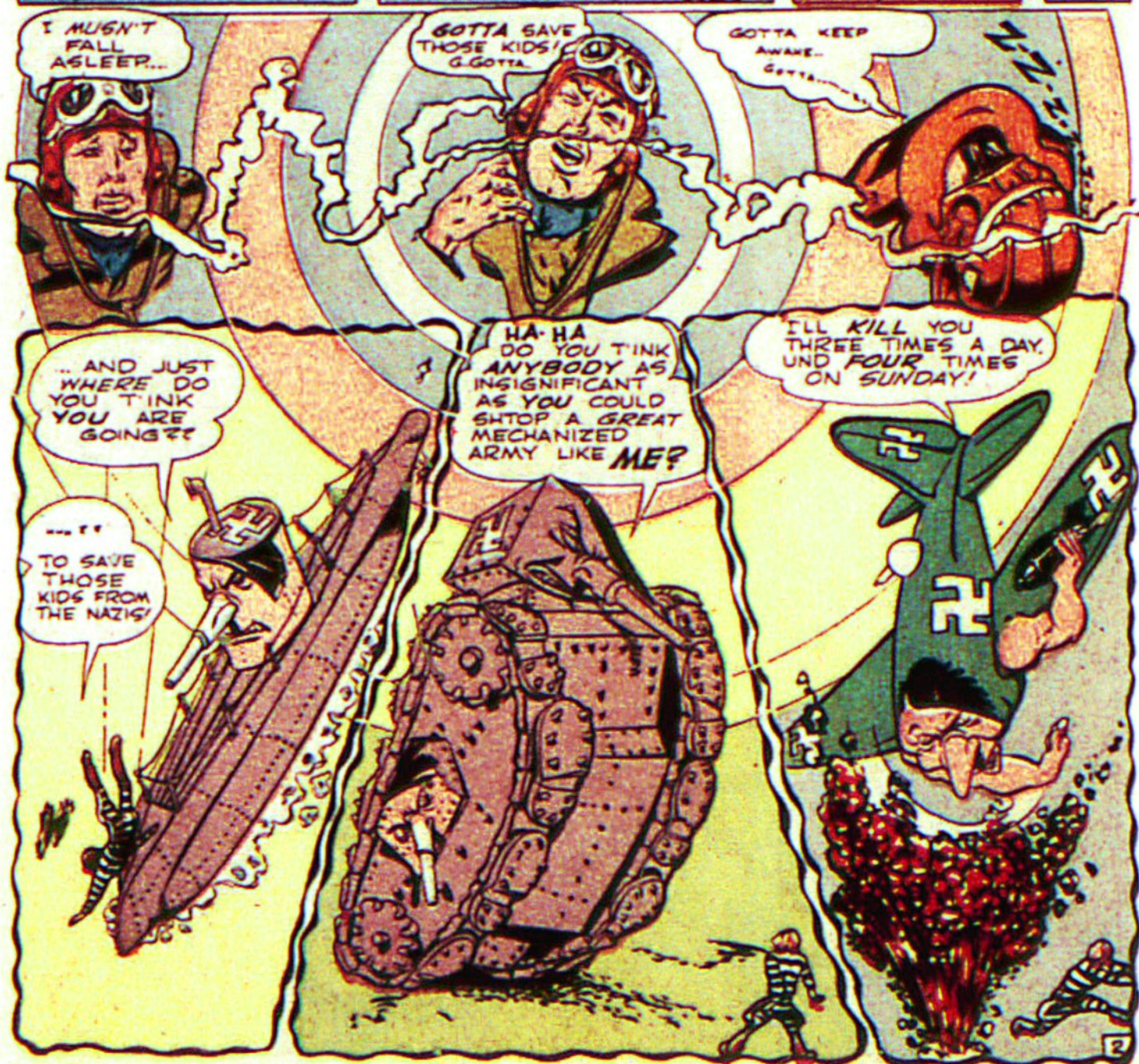
STOP
HIM!



YOU NEEDN'T WORRY
I'VE ALREADY TAKEN
THE NECESSARY
PRECAUTION... I'VE
PLACED A GAS BOMB
IN HIZ PLANE, AND
SOON HE VILL FALL
ASLEEP... HA-HA... AND
SWEET DREAMS TO
YOU... HA-HA-HA



Meanwhile DEL SPEEDS
TO THE SCENE
OF ATTACK!



WE'LL HELP YOU THEN...
COME NOW, DEL... PULL
BACK THE JOY STICK...
GOOD! NOW BANK
HER!

SUBCONSCIOUSLY DEL
FOLLOWS THE ORDERS.
THE WING OF HIS PLANE
CONTACTS THE TORPEDO.



THAT'S IT! NOW KICK YOUR LEFT
RUDDER... AND GET READY TO PULL
OUT OF IT...



...AND GUIDES IT
AWAY FROM THE
SHIP BACK TO THE SUB!

HIMMEL, DOT
AIRPLANE DIRECTED
DERE TORPEDO RIGHT
BACK TO US!



Meanwhile BACK IN THE
DEATH PATROL'S HEADQUARTERS

WE VILL NOT WAIT ANY
LONGER FOR DIS DEL TO
COME BACK... LINE UP
AGAINST DA VALL UND
VE VILL SHOOT YOU
DEAD, NOW!

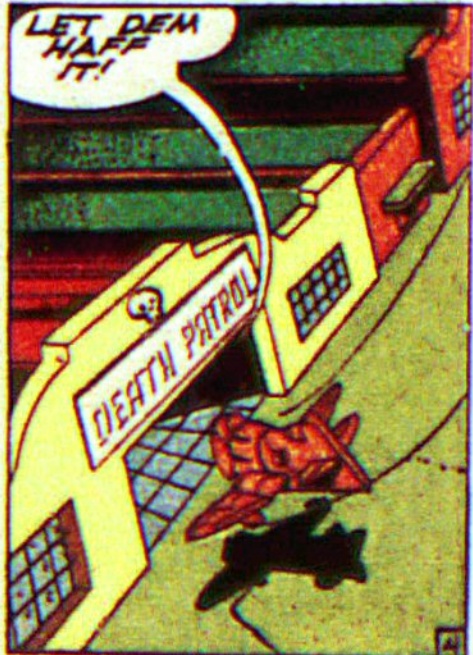


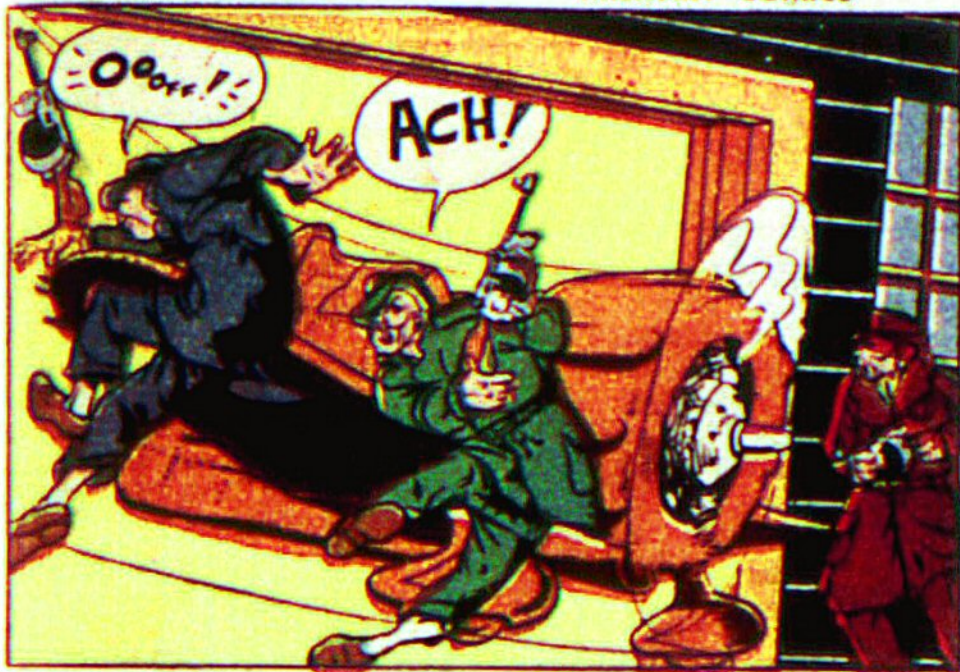
HERESKI
COMES BACK
DEL!

HE'D BETTER
HURRY AND
DO SOMETHIN'
...OR HE'LL BE
BACK JUST
IN TIME
FOR OUR
FUNERALS!



LET DEM
HAFF
IT!





DEATH ^{TO THE} KILLER!

"The king is dead. Long live the king!"

Had the thing occurred in England, that is exactly what would have been on peoples' lips. A cry that goes back into dim antiquity, when a British monarch died.

But it didn't happen in England. It happened in the small principality of Shan-zeh, on the borders of Nepal. Ram-mahd, the beloved king of Shan-zeh, had died. And the whole country was in an uproar. Who would be the next king? There were no direct descendants of Ram-mahd. Only a year before his father, then king, had died. He had suddenly toppled out of his throne. So Ram-mahd, his son, had ascended the throne, and for a full year the country had known prosperity. The Ram-mahds had been rulers of Shan-zeh for generations.

But now Shan-zeh would have to find another king from the ranks. To be sure, there were men in the country who would make great kings. But the people wanted a Ram-mahd. How to find one when there were none?

There was a faction in Shan-zeh bitterly opposed to the Ram-mahd regime. This was known as the Black Cobra Society. It was a hate organization, headed up by a ruthless culprit, Gun-dakk. For more than five years Gun-dakk had tried to overthrow the Ram-mahd regime, using every crooked artifice. He had tried to poison the minds of the populace against the Ram-mahds. But thus far he had not succeeded.

Gun-dakk had a reason for wanting to ascend the Shan-zeh throne. Gun-dakk's ancestry went back to an original Japanese house. And it was known that Gun-dakk had been approached by Jap espionage agents to sell out the country to the would-be invaders. Gun-dakk had been unable to do much because of Ram-mahd and the powerful circle of

political leaders who loved and obeyed him.

But now—now was Gun-dakk's opportunity! Ram-mahd, the last of the line, was dead! Gun-dakk moved with lightning speed.

In a mountain stronghold, where gathered Gundakk's cut-throat pals, a session was under way. Gun-dakk was speaking to his cohorts:

"Our time has come, my fellows," he cried. "The Ram-mahd yoke is broken. We have only to put me on the throne, and prosperity such as you have never known will be yours. Who votes for Gun-dakk?"

Hands went up and from throats poured a chorus of affirmative yells. They wanted Gun-dakk! They would have Gun-dakk!

"Then it is settled," cried the leader. "Tonight we will take the palace. Tomorrow Shan-zeh will be ours!"

In a small room of the palace another scene was taking place. The ministers of Ram-mahd sat in almost stunned silence, contemplating the dreadful calamity which had befallen them. Ge-din, Ram-mahd's right hand man, acted as spokesman:

"We must elect another king, gentlemen," he said. "And for the first time in more than three centuries we must elect a king not of the Ram-mahd blood."

Heads nodded in silent assent.

"He must be a man of great character and integrity. He must be another Ram-mahd, though of a different name."

One of the ministers said, "That will be a difficult thing—finding a man equal to Ram-mahd."

"True," replied Go-din. "But that is what he must be."

Many miles to the west of Shan-zeh, a fast military pursuit plane circled high over the blazing des-

ert and came down for a landing near an oasis of fig palms. At the controls was a youngster, hardly more than seventeen. His face was lean and tanned, but his clothes bespoke the Western atmosphere. He was dressed in correct British flying togs, for he was a member of the R. A. F.

"That looked like it," he said to himself as he jockeyed the smart ship for a landing. "The oasis of Ben Ali," my good friend.

The landing wheels touched the sand, then the speedy ship streaked across the desert, kicking up a cloud of floury dust. From a score of skin tents poured a horde of dark-skinned desert tribesmen, every man of them clutching a long-barreled Arab rifle. Their flying burnouses and colorful robes made a picture that brought a gasp of pure joy to the young pilot's lips.

He leaped out of the plane and raised his right hand in salute.

"Hola, Ben Ali!" he cried in the native tongue. "Don't you know me? It's been ten years—"

The old tribesman's eyes opened wide then and he rushed to embrace the young man.

"Son of my best friend," he cried. "It is indeed you! And you come as a mighty bird of the sky!" He turned to the other tribesmen. "Prepare a feast, my children, for my best friend is with us!"

There was much rejoicing in the oasis of Ben Ali that day and far into the night. Goat skin drums throbbed and long-necked music instruments gave off their plaintive wailing. It was a glorious feast, and every son of the desert reveled in it.

Not the least of all who was enjoying himself hugely was our young pilot, whom Ben Ali familiarly called "Balu," which means boy in the native dialect.

"Come, Balu," said the old leader when a great fire was going in the middle of the camp, "tell

us of your adventures far across the sea. Tell us about the great bird which brought you here."

Balu grinned. "It's a long story, my friends, so I'll give you only the highlights. That bird I flew in is a Spitfire. You see, I have been a member of the British R. A. F. for more than a year. I was shot down two weeks ago over Kiel, so I got two months' leave. I immediately thought of you, Ben Ali, and all my other friends here in the desert. Well, that's why I'm here."

Balu had hardly ceased speaking when a runner panted up to the group. He whispered to Ben Ali.

"He says," Ben Ali relayed, "that the city of Shan-zeh is being overthrown by that rascal Gun-dakk. They have taken the palace and are about to proclaim Gun-dakk king!"

"What's this?" cried Balu. "What do you mean, they are about to proclaim Gun-dakk king? What of my—what of Ram-mahd?"

"Ram-mahd is dead," Ben Ali said quietly. "He is the last of the line."

"No, he is not the last of the line," shouted Balu. "His father was my father's brother. I am a Ram-mahd!"

Balu's pronouncement brought a startled silence.

"You a Ram-mahd!" gasped old Ben Ali. "Why have you never told me? I didn't know—"

"My father asked me never to mention it," replied Balu. "He did not want me ever to be king of Shan-zeh. You see, I have always had as he said, 'crazy ways', and probably would not care about being king for long."

"Then," said Ben Ali, "that's why he sent you to far-off England to go to school?"

Balu nodded. "But," he said, "I'll not permit that cut-throat Gun-dakk to enslave Shan-zeh and hand it over to the Japs! We must do something, Ben Ali!"

Ben Ali raised his hand to still the yelling of his wild tribesmen. "We will do something, Balu. We will ride now to Shan-zeh and

rid the earth of that scum! To your mounts, men!"

The frenzied pack made for their camels and horses and in another moment they were tearing across the night-shaded desert. They were like happy children. They sensed a fight, and nothing appeals to the desert son than a fight. Balu rode a white stallion Ben Ali had loaned him. It was not like piloting a speedy plane, but it was a thrill, after all the years he had not sat a horse.

It lacked an hour of dawn when the fast-riding desert men reined up at the edge of the city of Shan-zeh.

They stormed the guard house at the entrance of the palace and forged inside. It took only a few minutes for them to fight their way to the throne room, and there they saw Gun-dakk sitting on the throne, surrounded by a score of his unkempt, bloodthirsty crew. He didn't put up any resistance. He knew that he was outnumbered five to one.

"So," cried Balu, "you would be king of Shan-zeh, eh?"

"Who else is there?" demanded Gun-dakk.

"I," said Balu quietly. "I am a cousin of the late Ram-mahd." He saw the man's face pale. Then he went on: "That makes me king, Gun-dakk. But I do not want to be king, so I'm going to let it up to popular vote. And another

thing, Gun-dakk: I don't believe that Ram-mahd died from natural causes. I think you murdered him."

Ram-mahd's eyes bugged at this. "What do you mean, you think I murdered him?"

"Because I think you know the secret of this throne. In a moment I'll find out. Watch, Gun-dakk!"

Balu stepped to one side of the throne room and reached for a protruding bit of mural on the stone wall. Gun-dakk leaped out of the throne and darted for an open door. But the men of Ben Ali seized him.

"Just as I thought," said Balu. "You see, men," he said in explanation to the others, "this throne has a poison needle in its cushion. One has only to pull this handle on the wall. That makes the needle strike into the person seated in the throne. That's how Ram-mahd died—by the poison needle, and Gun-dakk is his murderer!"

Balu, who was in reality a Ram-mahd, left the city of Shan-zeh with the happy cheers of the people ringing in his ears. He would go back to England and carry on with his bombing of the enemy. Through him, Shan-zeh was given the chance to elect their own king, and not be enslaved by the cut-throat Gun-dakk. Gun-dakk, incidentally, was beheaded for his crime.

FOLLOW *The* ADVENTURES
OF **MIDNIGHT**
IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF
SMASH
COMICS
ON SALE AUGUST 14TH

THE BLUE TRACER

AND THE THING

BY FRED GUARDINER

ITS
MAGNETIC RAYS
KNOCK OFF OUR
CONTROLS!

IF THE
BLUE TRACER
CAN'T STOP IT,
WE'RE DOOMED!

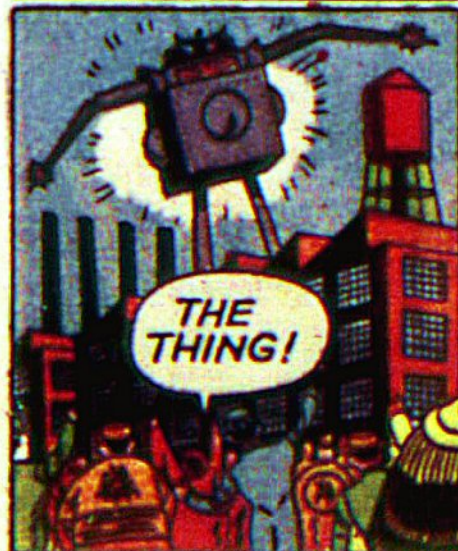
IN THEIR SUBMERSIBLE
SHELL-PROOF FLYING TANK, THE BLUE TRACER,
BILL DUNN AND ALOYSIUS BOOMERANG JONES
FIGHT DESPERATELY FOR THE UNITED STATES
AGAINST THE NEWEST JAP TERROR THE THING!

FROM OUT OF THE STEEL MILLS
OF OSAKA THE JAPS PRODUCE
A TERRIFYING WEAPON!

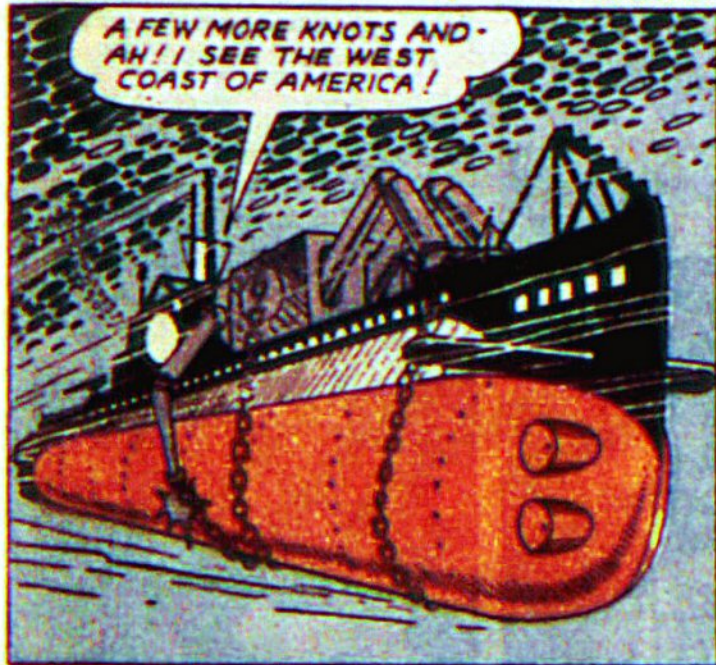
THIS THING WILL DO A
JOB ON THE YANKS—NOT
EVEN THE BLUE TRACER
WILL STOP IT!

WE'LL SEND IT ACROSS
THE PACIFIC ON ONE
OF OUR GIANT
SUBMARINES!

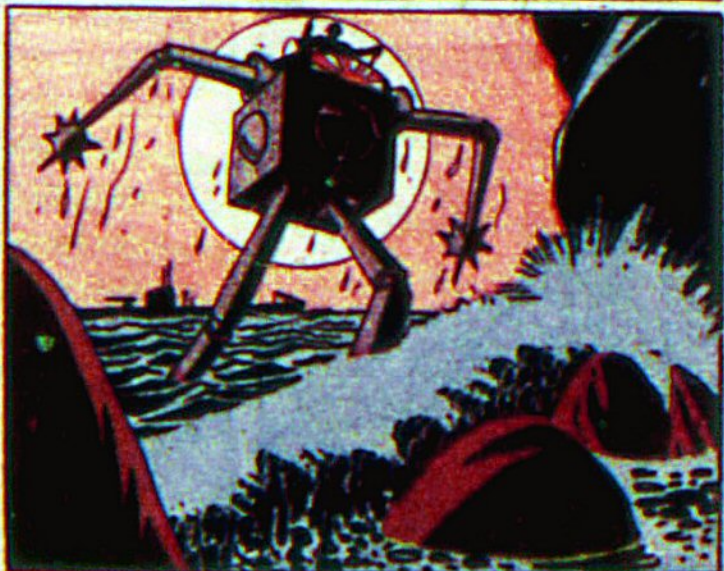
THE
THING!



A FEW MORE KNOTS AND -
AH! I SEE THE WEST
COAST OF AMERICA!



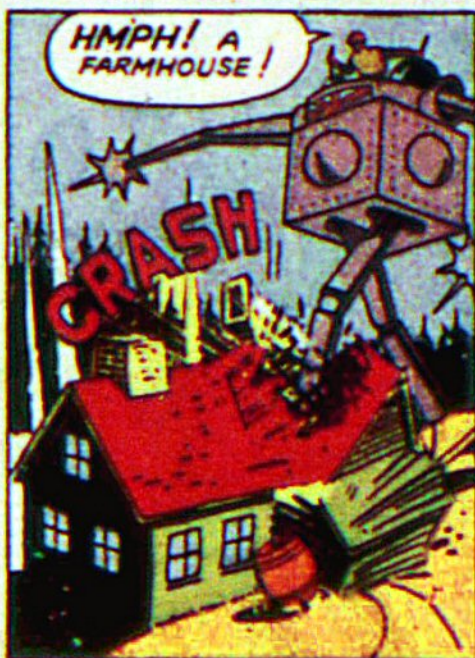
LIKE AN AWAKENED GIANT THE THING RISES
FROM THE DECK AND STRIDES ASHORE!



WHEN I DESTROY THE
BLUE TRACER, HIROHITO
WILL MAKE ME IMPERIAL
POTENTATE OF
AMERICA!



HMPH! A
FARMHOUSE!



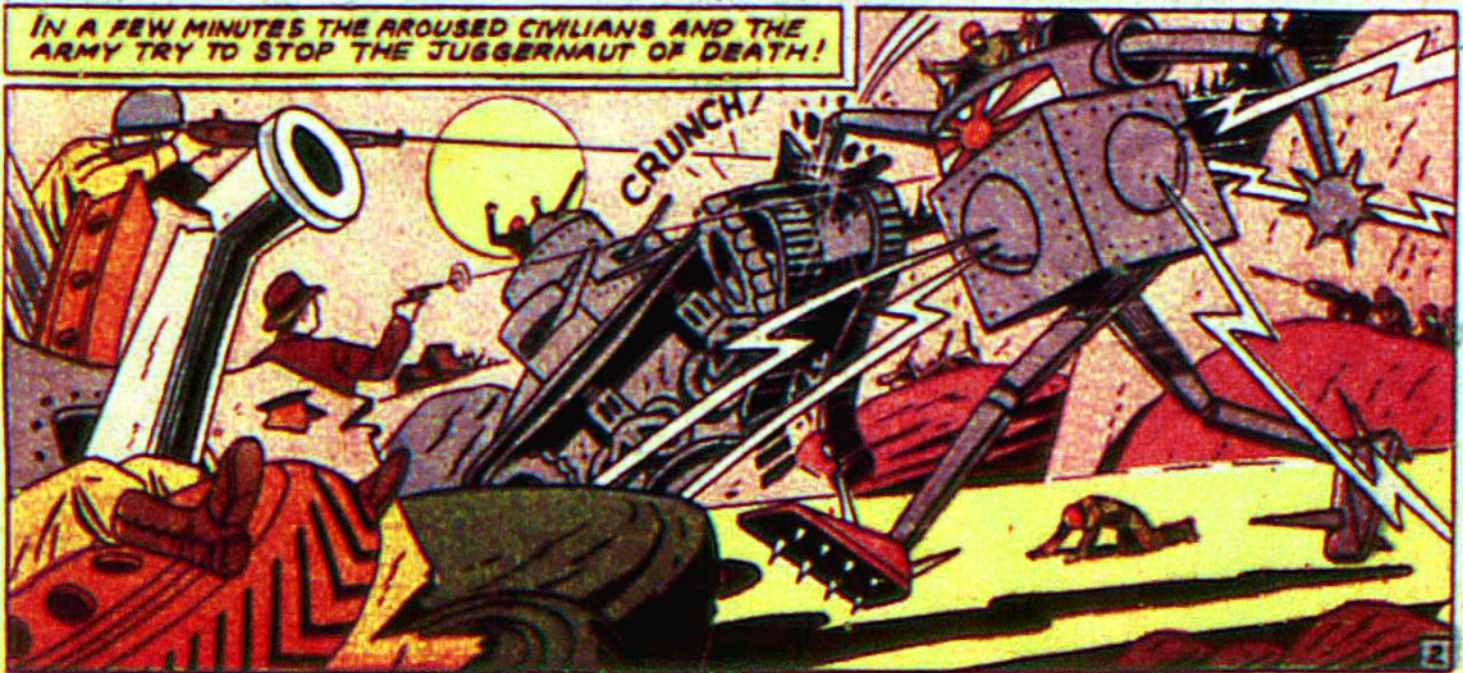
HELP!

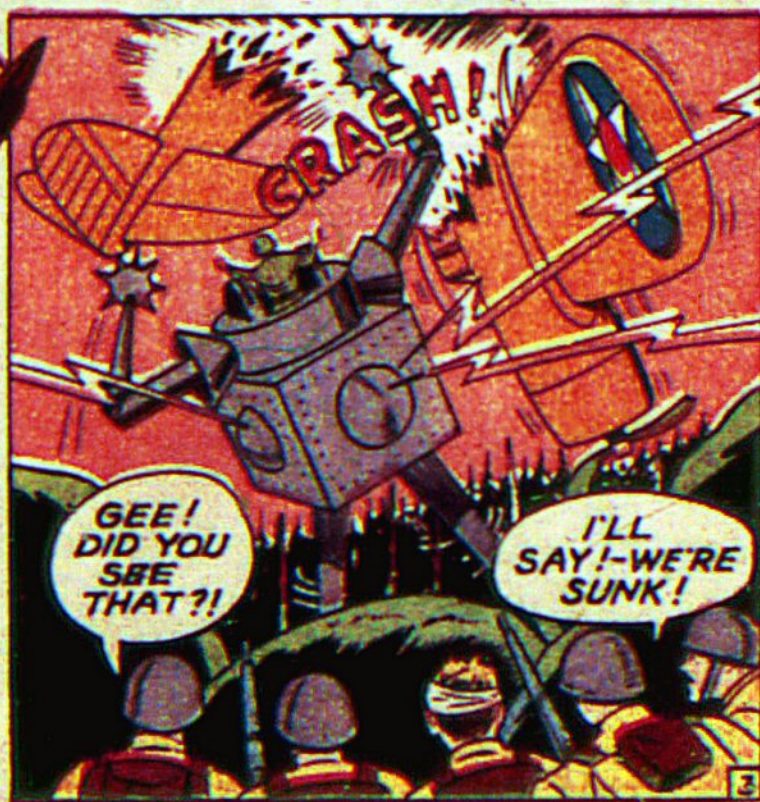
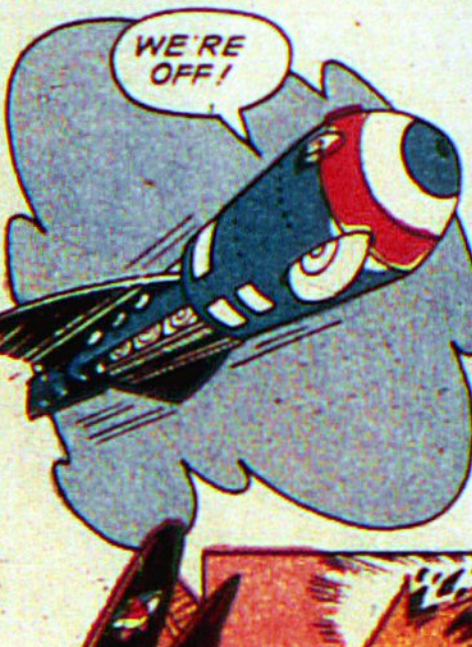
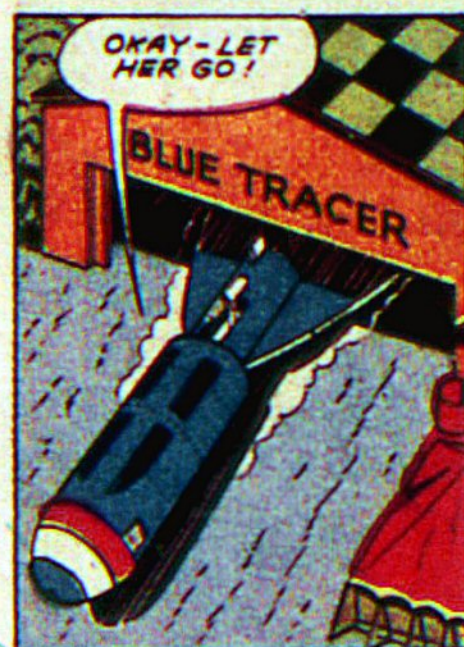
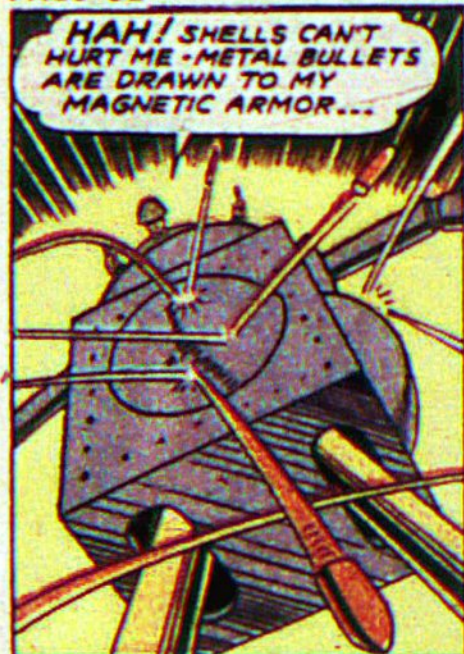
CALL
THE
ARMY!

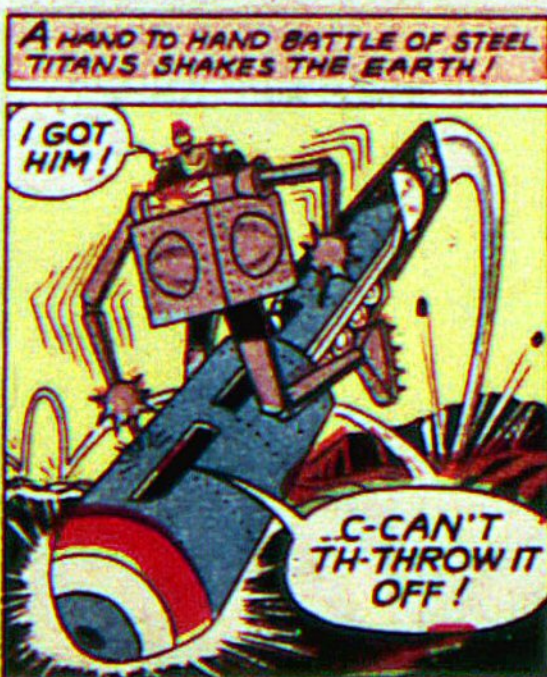
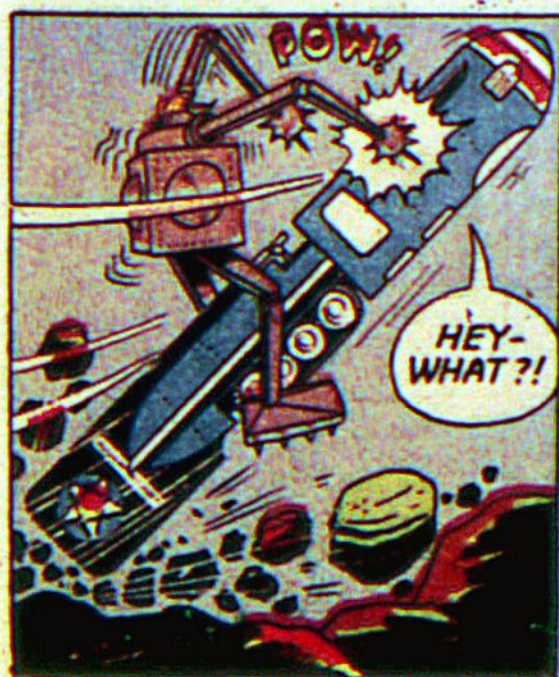
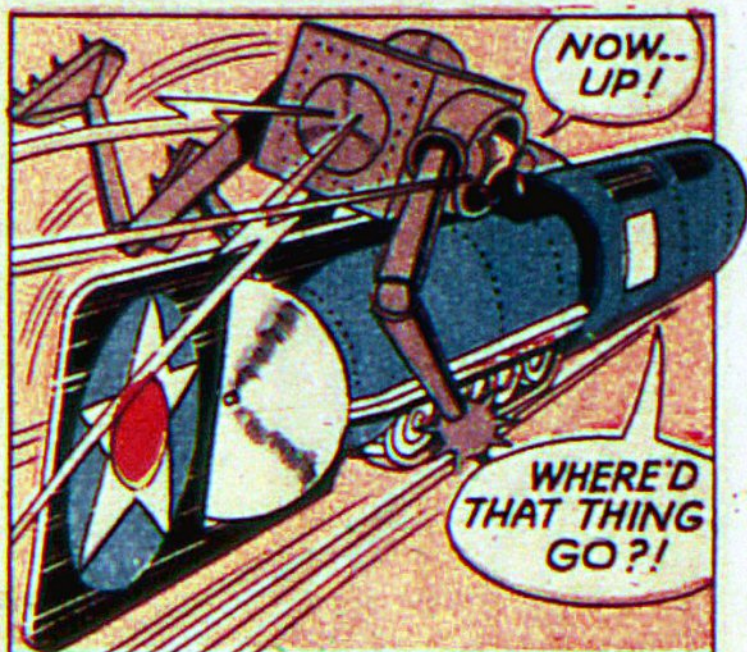
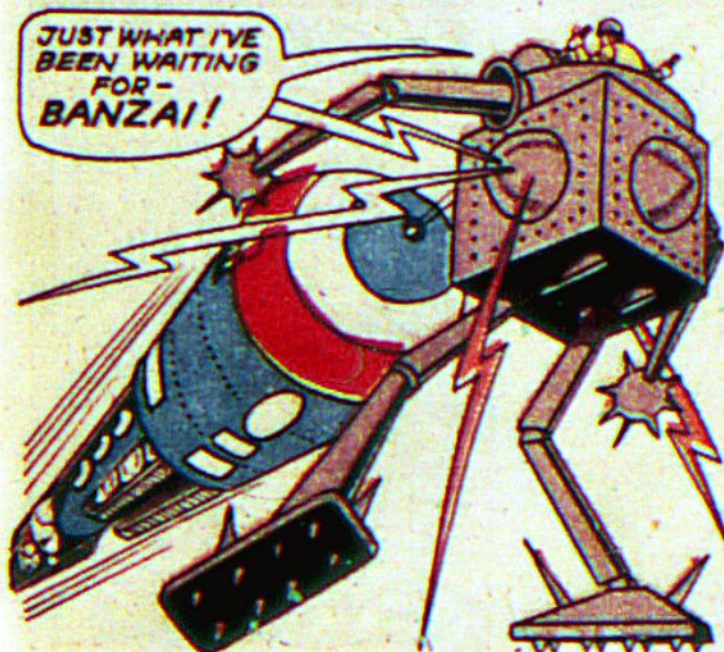
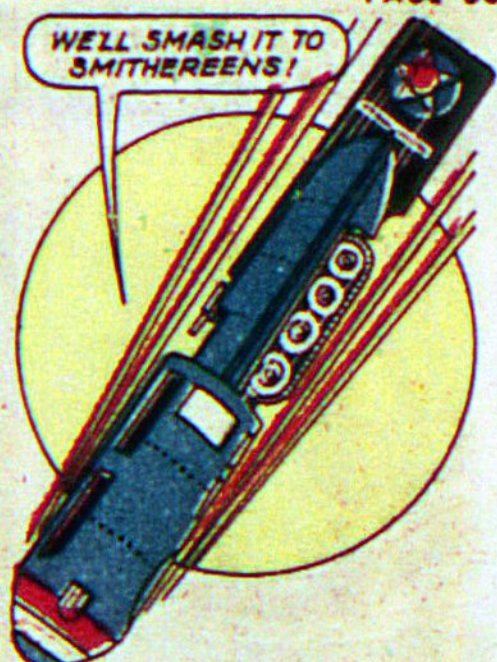
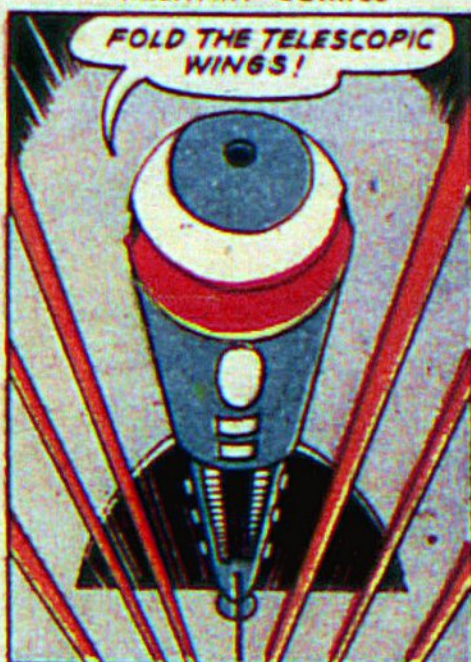
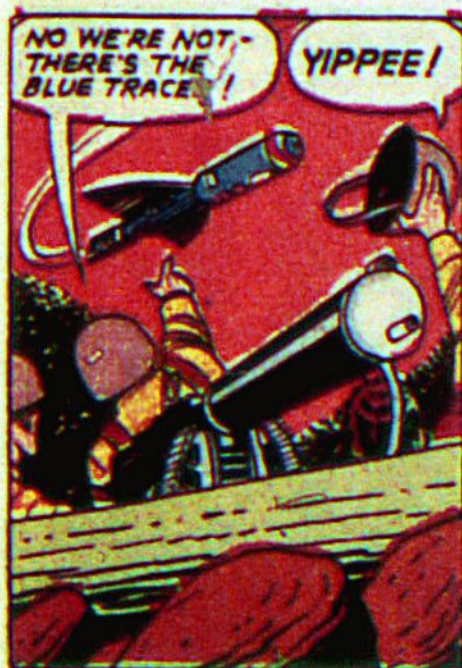
I-IT'S
A-
AAGH-



IN A FEW MINUTES THE AROUSED CIVILIANS AND THE
ARMY TRY TO STOP THE JUGGERNAUT OF DEATH!









NEVERTHELESS THE TOUGH AUSTRALIAN JUMPS INTO SPACE!

